You’re just minding your own business, perhaps flicking through an old comic book, the room dimly lit around you, when suddenly a blinding light envelops the space. You squint, shielding your eyes from the ethereal brilliance that seems to seep through the walls and floor, saturating the very air you breathe. A feeling washes over you—an odd mix of excitement and fear. And then, in an instant, everything changes.

With a blink, the room around you shatters into fragments like stained glass, reforming into an expansive celestial landscape. You stand in awe, surrounded by rolling fields of fluff that resemble clouds. Crystal structures rise in the distance, shimmering under sunbeams that cascade down like golden ribbons. It is Heaven, alive with vibrant colors and the soft laughter of angels.

A tingle starts at the base of your spine, sending shivers of anticipation throughout your body. You look down, bewildered, as your very skin begins to shift—fading into a pure, luminous white, as soft as moonlight. Tickling sensations spread from your fingertips as your cheeks flush with bright red circles, warm and comforting. "What is happening?" you think at first, confusion beginning to creep in, but the tickles feel so good that it takes a back seat.

From a corner of your eye, you catch your reflection in the glimmering clouds below. Your hair transforms, becoming a brilliant shade of blonde, slicked back with a playful tuft sticking out—a striking contrast to the smooth angles of your face. You smile, taking in the sight of yourself, yet scarcely recognize the figure staring back.

Suddenly, a rush of ticklish energy surges through your back. Massive, opulent wings burst forth, six in total, each feather shimmering with elegance and edged in soft yellow. An involuntary chuckle escapes your lips; it feels like laughter woven from the fabric of joy itself. "I’m flying!" your mind dances, even as an amusement bubbles from inside you, the fact that you haven’t yet even tried to take off not crossing your thoughts.

Your clothes morph, the fabric coursing over your newly delicate frame, adapting to your ethereal grace. You wear a stunning white angelic robe, light blue at the edges with golden adornments, the kind you only see on the grandest of seraphim. The sensation is exhilarating and utterly serene, each wrinkle of the fabric weaving in soft tickles and caresses.

The world around you sparkles, harmonious and pure, as your age shifts. Fifteen? Seventeen? Somewhere in that glorious range, yet you know you harbor the wisdom of ages—born into this existence, an eternal being.

"Your grace, what a dazzling sight!" chirps a nearby cherub, their round face lit with warmth. "Welcome back, dear Seraphim!"

You chuckle, taking in their joy. In that effortless moment of connection, fragments of memories begin to swirl through your mind. Angelic names, stories of divine acts, the harmony of unity… And as each ghostly thought drifts, the sensation is utterly delightful, evoking a deeper peace within you. You remember your true self, and the bliss of being perfect peace.

Then there’s another refresh of energy deep within you, a waterfalls of reminiscence resets and reshapes your persona. What was it like to be human? The question flickers like a fading star, overshadowed by the marvel that’s enveloping you—the endless potential of an angel born of heaven, nurtured by light instead of darkness.

You giggle softly, the happiness swelling like bubbles within a spring. "I’ve always been here! This is my home!" you declare gleefully, the resonance of your voice dancing through the air, sweeter and prettier than you recall.

No longer are you caught between two worlds—you are rooted fully in this divine realm, the rush of acceptance coursing through you as your memories wash away, leaving nothing but endless bliss and freedom to fly.

"It’s time to embrace the dawn!" you announce, the golden halo above your head glowing brightly, enveloping you in a radiant aura. Your wings extend in tandem with your shout, whirling around you with freedom and grace. You take a deep breath, one that rings pure, filled with joy and idyllic clarity.

In this moment, you realize your past was just an illusion—a daydream that faded like morning mist. You are eternal, a seraph born into the light, fully formed and radiant.

The heavens swirl around you, filled with laughter and music—a celebration that calls your name. You leap into the sky, six feathered wings thrumming against gentle breezes, embracing every delicate, stunning moment. This is where you always belonged, soaring amongst the divine with the other angels, forever strong and resplendent.

From this day onwards, the world shall know, in joyous harmony—you are a seraphim of Heaven, a beacon of purity and laughter.